

# DEAREST, THEN I'LL LOVE THEE MORE.

Answer to "Will you love me Then  
as Now?"

Yes, I'll love you, oh, how dearly,  
Words but faintly can express,  
This fond heart beats too sincerely,  
E'er in life to love you less;  
No, my fancy never ranges,  
Hopes like mine can never soar,  
If the love I cherish changes,  
'Twill but be to love thee more.  
'Twill but be, &c.

Though the world hath many sorrows,  
And perchance they may be ours,  
Love from tears a brightness borrows,  
Like the earth from summer showers.  
We will share our griefs and gladness,  
In the future as of yore,  
And in all your hours of sadness,  
Dearest then 'll love thee more.  
Dear I then, &c.

Youth may pass but ask not whether  
When you're old I'll love as true,  
Shall we not grow old together,  
And times changes mark me too?  
Life may cease, but then to heaven,  
Will my pure affection soar,  
Yes, when freed from earthly leaven,  
Dearest, then I love thee more.  
Dearest then, &c.

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